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THE

CANDIDATE;

A FARCE.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED, WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

By JOHN DENT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON.

Printed for J. STOCKDALE, oppoſite Burlington-Houſe, Piccadilly. 1782.

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TO

SIR WATKIN LEWES.

SIR,

IF I can poſſibly take any little pride in the following ſheets, it is that they afford me an opportunity of expreſſing my admiration of your public character.

There are thoſe, Sir, amongſt the Patriots of our Country, of whoſe merit and ſervices the world have been more ſuſceptible, but none, I will venture to ſay, have been more deſerving. While men of the firſt rank and ſituation in life have been *lamenting* the abuſe of our Conſtitution, *your* time and *your* fortune have been equally laviſhed in *removing* it. No one, even amongſt

the proudeſt names of the day, can boaſt a more diſtinguiſhed ſacrifice at the ſhrine of Patriotiſm, and you have the ſatisfaction of being one of the few, who have neither received nor courted any other return, than the uninfluenced applauſe of a grateful people.

I wiſh, Sir, I had a better paſſport to your notice, than the Farce I have the honour of laying at your feet, can poſſibly be thought to procure me, but I have ventured to hope you would excuſe it, in the anxiety I feel to ſeize the *firſt* opportunity to tell you how much I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt devoted,

And very humble ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

Bow-Street, Auguſt 12, 1782.

THE Author would lay himſelf open to the moſt direct charge of ingratitude, could he poſſibly think, for a ſingle moment, of ſuffering THE CANDIDATE to meet the public eye, without firſt acknowledging the readineſs with which Mr. COLMAN was pleaſed to receive it, and the very kind and eſſential manner in which he contributed towards the ſucceſs it has had.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER,

Reading the Play-Bill of the Day.

THE Candidate! Why, that's the general aim,
All Candidates for Int'reſt, Love, or Fame;
Throughout this life, where'er the proſpect's laid,
The world itſelf of Candidates is made.
E'en here, each row exhibits in the Pit,
And Boxes too, ſome Candidate for wit.
Our friends above love laugh and equivoque,
A bit of taudry, and a damn'd good joke.

The gouty dotard tott'ring out of life,
His crutches throws aſide, and bribes a wife.
Nay, each Church-living an Election is,
Where the fat Rector with carbuncled phiz,
(While the poor Curate dines on ſcanty platter)
Another living craves to make him fatter.
We yet have Candidates in plenteous ſtore,
Church-wardens feaſt themſelves, and ſtarve the poor;
Their Worſhips too, with learned hum, and ha!
Are Candidates to deal out penal law.
Crown law they know; and with ſuch zeal purſue,
They make it half-crown law, and ſhilling too,
Twelve-pence the warrant, twelve-pence more the oath,
The Clerk receives—their Worſhips pocket both.

In phyſic many Candidates we meet,
That bring the dead to life in ev'ry ſtreet;

A Can-

PROLOGUE.

A Candidate half loſt in ſmoke and vapour,
Great Katter-devil fills the morning paper.
"Wonders" he cries, "Good peoples, wonders, wonders,"
"My ſolar microſcope, hails, rains, and tunders."

But, ſee, where nobler Candidates appear!
Our Queen, enthron'd in truth, reigns Sov'reign here,
And clear of ſoul, pure as the turtle dove,
Shines the firſt Candidate for wedded love.
Next generous Candidates fair Fame purſue,
Rodney, and Hood, and Howe—young William too!
Oh, may they never damp their glorious flame,
Till Heaven and Victory confirm their Fame.

Another Candidate to night appears,
New to the ſcene, and yet but green in years,
Buoy'd up with hopes, but full of doubts and fears.
Fain wou'd he ſpeak, but terror ſtrikes him dumb,
No orator, alas! but Orator Mum!
Me to the huſtings then perforce he draws,
To canvaſs for your votes, and kind applauſe:
If I ſucceed, and ſave him from rejection,
The play'rs ſhall chair him after the Election.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Gregory Gander,	Mr. Parſons.
Negus, - -	Mr. Wilſon.
Captain Allſpice, -	Mr. Staunton.
Serjeant Glib, -	Mr. Banniſter.
Wrinkle, - -	Mr. Swords.
Harry, - -	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Twilight, - -	Mr. Maſſey.
Cook, - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Town Clerk, -	Mr. Davis.

Sexton, Waiters, &c.

WOMEN.

Maria, - -	Mrs. Lloyd.
Sally, - -	Miſs Kirby.

THE

CANDIDATE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Country, with an Inn in view.*

MARIA *and* SALLY.

Sally.

INDEED I am glad to my very heart to ſee my young miſtreſs back again; though I could weep my eyes out, that Mr. Hilary, poor gentleman, has been obliged to leave you. I'm ſure I've ſat in the bar and looked at him for hours together, he was ſuch a dear, ſweet-tempered creature.

Maria. Fie, Sally! I ſhall begin to be jealous of you, if you run on at this rate.

Sally. Laud, Madam, I'm ſure there's no need of that. I never had above a couple of kiſſes from him in all my life; and if I had ſet up but half your's, even the parſon's milk ſcore wou'd not have near ſo many chalks. If I was to live with you for ever, I'd ſcorn to do an uncivil thing by you.

Maria. Well, I intend to put your fidelity to the trial, I aſſure you, for *you* bar maids have ſo much vanity, and are ſo ogled at by all the pretty fellows that frequent a tavern, inn, or coffee-houſe, that no man can look at you but he muſt inſtantly be thought in love.

Sally. Why, to be ſure, Madam, we are in general tolerably handſome; but if I could win Mr. Hilary from you a thouſand times, I'm ſure I wou'dn't do it.

Maria. That's a good girl; and now you have put me out of all fear of a rival, I truſt a very little time will enable Mr. Hilary to take me to his home again.

Sally. Pray Heaven it may! for its a ſad thing to be ſeparated from him after living ſo long together; and Sir Gregory Gander is an ill-natured, good for nothing old fellow to ſtop the annuity of 300l. his ward, Mr. Hilary, allowed you, eſpecially as his guardian will have to pay him a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds when he comes of age. I proteſt, Madam, I would have told Sir Gregory of it, if I had been you, before I left Goſling-Caſtle, that's what I would.

Maria. That Sally, would at once have defeated my purpoſe. As Sir Gregory had never ſeen me before, I was determined the viſit I made in the old gentleman's neighbourhood ſhould turn to ſome account; and finding in him a more than common partiality for me, at the aſſize ball, I embraced the opportunity, and made no ſcruple of properly encouraging it.

Sally. Laud, Madam, and how did he take it?

Maria. Oh, the creature made downright love to me, and even offered his hand in marriage, pro-

vided my papa's conſent could be obtained, for which purpoſe I have invited him hither.

Sally. But, ſure, Madam, you would not marry Sir Gregory, with his April face, and gouty legs; he's the croſſeſt old man that ever lived, and Mr. Hilary has often told me a lemon is not half ſo ſour.

Maria. But the uſe I mean to make of this will be the ſweeteſt one in the world, by cauſing him to ſecure to me the annuity Mr. Hilary ſettled upon me, but which his guardian, Sir Gregory, refuſes to pay any longer to my order.

Sally. So, your regard for him then is only a pretended one?

Maria. Nothing more; and to make my ſcheme ſucceed the better, I have given Sir Gregory to underſtand, that I am a young lady with a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds.

Sally. But do you think he can be made to believe it, when your father is nothing more than the keeper of an inn?

Maria. But Sir Gregory ſhall know nothing of that; I have invited him to it as the private manſion of Mr. Negus.

Sally. And do you think it will paſs upon him?

Maria. Moſt certainly. Hotels and inns are now abundantly ſuperior, in point of taſte and elegance, to the houſes of thoſe that uſe them. Why, 'twas but the week before laſt, I read in the London papers that my Lady Baſto invited the Counteſs of Glitter and her family, in Bath, to paſs a few days with her in Pall-Mall, and, would you believe it, they were four whole days and nights together before they knew of its being a hotel. Beſides, Sir Gregory was never five miles from his eſtate in all his life.

Sally. Why, to be ſure the ſign has been removed for a freſh painting [*pointing to the houſe*]. But do you think he can be made to believe that ſo handſome a young lady can be in love with him?

Maria. Oh, he'll believe any thing, though he holds it impoſſible for any one to deceive him; vanity is his reigning foible, and it requires but little art and perſuaſion to make him believe a pretty girl is in love with him. And, as to Mr. Negus, I have told Sir Gregory that he was formerly a waiter in Pall-Mall, though at preſent in Parliament, and poſſeſſed of a large fortune; that ſtill retaining the dregs of his former ſituation, he is very frequently to be ſeen about the houſe with a napkin juſt peeping out of his pocket, while his language, from the pride he feels as a ſenator, and the influence he poſſeſſes, is continually upon the borough, and its elections.

Sally. Laud, Madam, that will do charmingly!

Maria. And then I have made my papa believe that Sir Gregory comes to offer himſelf as a candidate, on the preſent vacancy, for a Member of Parliament for the borough of Swallowell, in oppoſition to Captain Allſpice, who you know has been ſome time canvaſſing the electors.

Sally. But won't you let Mr. Hilary, Madam, know of it?

Maria. By no means; his delicacy would never let him conſent to my ſcheme, tho' the ſucceſs of it cannot poſſibly incur his diſpleaſure. As to Sir Gregory, he does not mind his being affronted, as he is ſure never to get a farthing from him before it is his due.

Sally. We muſt hope every thing for the beſt.

Maria,

Maria. But we haven't a moment to ſpare—Sir Gregory by this time muſt have arrived.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The inſide of the Inn.

NEGUS, HARRY, *and ſeveral other* WAITERS.

Negus. Sir Gregory Gander arrived, d'ye ſay?

Harry. This very moment, Sir.

1ſt Waiter. One might tell by his equipage, that he came here to put up for Parliament Man.

2d Waiter. This affair will make us all alive, Sir.

Negus. Well, mind your hits, and all our turns may be ſerved. Theſe conteſted elections are the very ſpirit of the Conſtitution, and make every thing full of life and vigour. Now, be ſure, dy'e hear? that you are, all of you, very civil and attentive, and don't ſtand upon throwing in three or four dozen of bows extraordinary; Sir Gregory is a very rich and worthy man, tho' a little proud, or ſo, but no matter for that, take care of your P's and Q's, and this affair may put ſomething handſome in your pockets. [*bell rings*] Odſo, run, Harry—Will—Thomas—and ſhew Sir Gregory into the pea-green-and-ſilver dining-room, while I go and put on my beſt ſuit.

[*Exeunt Negus and Servants in haſte.*

SCENE III.

Another Room.

Enter Sir GREGORY GANDER *and* TWILIGHT.

Sir Greg. So, this is a mighty pretty ſort of a houſe that Mr. Negus has got here, and if one may

may judge from the route I have taken to come hither, there are as many rooms in it as cells in a beehive. Twilight!

Twilight. Sir!

Sir Greg. You're a fool.

Twilight. Yes, your honour, I was born one.

Sir Greg. And will die one, I warrant you.—Well, we are not all equally wiſe and ſagacious, as my poor father uſed to ſay, who was a prodigy, indeed, and wou'dn't let me go to ſchool to learn any thing, till I was turn'd of twenty, for fear I ſhould forget what I ſhould have been taught before I became a man. He had his ways to be ſure, but I have reaped vaſt benefit from them—I can ſee any thing before me now, as with a microſcope, and would challenge all the world to deceive me, though is were with a tale that would have impoſed upon King Solomon himſelf—but this is loſing time. Go, Twilight, and get my cloaths properly laid out; and, dy'e hear? enquire for a taylor, of ſome of the ſervants, in order that I may have my beſt ſuit done round with a pretty narrow ſilver lace.

Twilight. Yes, your honour. [*Exit Twilight.*

Sir Greg. Now, there's a numſcull for you. Damn me, I only ſent him t'other day for a *Forte Piano*, juſt for a neice of mine to amuſe me with a tune or two, and may I never be married, if the rogue didn't go to the Commanding Officer of the militia, and inſtead of a *Forte Piano*, ordered *Forty* P oniers to be ſent to my houſe directly. So, who the Devil have we here?

[*Harry is ſeen conducting the Aldermen of the Corporation acroſs the ſtage.*

Harry. This way, your worſhips—this way, if you pleaſe. [*Exeunt.*

Sir

Sir Greg, Hey day! we have got ſome grand viſitors here. Why, ſurely, my friend Negus, doesn't mean to conclude the marriage directly, and have the corporation to dine with us.—Oh, here the young ſpark returns [*enter Harry.*] I ſhall make bold though to pump him a little—he's the Butler, I ſuppoſe, and they are always in the ſecrets of a family.—Hark'ye, Mr. Whatdy'e-call-um. Ha! [*looking earneſtly at him.*] I think I ſhould know that face—prith'ee, my friend, haven't I ſeen you before?

Harry. So, ſo, 'tis the old Gentleman, as I hope to live *(aſide.)* Why, yes, your honour, don't you remember me, when I was at Goſling-Caſtle on an errand to you from your brother in Thames-Street? Many hundred gallons of good Coniac have I booked in his ſervice.

Sir Greg. And what the devil brought you here? didn't my brother write me word, that you had turned author?

Harry. Sir! another week in that line would totally have ruined me.

Sir Greg. Pray, what might have been the employment you tried your hand at?

Harry. Various, Sir, as the news of the day. One of the morning papers ſent me to the Houſe of Commons to collect the debates.

Sir Greg. And how did you ſucceed?

Harry. Moſt horridly, Sir. The very firſt week I went down, I created no leſs than three Earls, a couple of Baronets, and half a dozen Knights, for want of knowing the members names; beſides this, Sir, I unfortunately made a flaming patriot deliver an elegant harrangue in favour of Adminiſtration; and as unluckily gave a moſt beautiful ſpeech to a diſtinguiſhed orator,

that

that happened at the ſame time to be in the north of Scotland.

Sir Greg. A devil of a miſtake, to be ſure.

Harry. Yes, Sir, in other reſpects I could have done pretty tolerably. I had a happy knack, for inſtance, in hitting off a ſpeaker's ſtyle, and a memory that let nothing run through it, and cou'd given ſeven or eight columns, when every thing ſaid in the Houſe could not have been ſuppoſed the fifth part of it.

Sir Greg. Very clever, upon my ſoul.

Harry. Why, there was Sir Peter Pepper, Sir—You have heard of Sir Peter Pepper?—He only threw out half a dozen words on the Hodge-Podge Bill, and I made ſhift, with a gentle puff or two of my literary bellows, to ſwell it out into a column and a half, with a promiſe of the remainder in the courſe of a day or two.

Sir Greg. It was unlucky though you failed in your outſet—but you ſoon found ſome other way, I ſuppoſe, to exerciſe your talents in?

Harry. Yes, Sir, from the Houſes of Parliament I got to the Playhouſes, where I figured away with no ſmall *eclat*, for ſome time, under the head of Theatrical Intelligence, till I got my diſcharge from the Editor, for writing a flaming panegyric on Mr. Banniſter's performance of Polly in the Beggar's Opera, at the very time that performer lay ill in bed, in conſequence of a tumble from his horſe at Newmarket.

Sir Greg. That was unfortunate, indeed.

Harry. I was then obliged to take up with writing ſixpenny paragraphs; and in leſs than a week made half a dozen fires, fractured twenty legs and arms, ſmaſhed two-and-thirty E O tables, overſet

overſet two boats on the River Thames, threw half a ſcore children out of a two-pair-of-ſtairs window, and toſſed three fat Alderman with a mad ox.

Sir Greg. Mercy on us!

Harry. But here, Sir, my conſcience hurt me, and I left the drudgery of my profeſſion for that your Honour has found me in.

Sir Greg. So, you have entirely left off writing then?

Harry. Except, Sir, a *Bill* now and then.

Sir Greg. A *Bill!* Oh, for his maſter to carry into Parliament, I ſuppoſe. Well, Mr. Harry, you'll let your maſter know that I wait upon him.

Harry. My maſter, Sir, would have waited upon your honour before now, but the truth is, we are hardly up before it is noon.

Sir Greg. Ha! what, ſo much company, I ſuppoſe?

Harry. No, Sir, not for the matter of that, but they ſtay ſo confounded late always. It was four o'clock this morning before we went to bed.

Sir Greg. Why, your maſter, at this rate, keeps pretty hours, indeed.

Harry. Not he, Sir. He generally ſneaks away to bed about twelve o'clock, and leaves us to manage the company—we have got the Mayor and Alderman to-day.

Sir Greg. And what, pray, does your maſter now intend that I ſhould dine with them?

Harry. I can't tell, Sir. It's uſual for them to dine by themſelves. The old gentleman wants to put himſelf into company, I ſee *(aſide.)*

Sir Greg. The devil it is—and, pray, does your maſter intend to be with them?

Harry. Moſt undoubtedly, Sir; they always dine here once a month, and my maſter wou'dn't affront 'em for all he's worth.

Sir Greg. Theſe Parliament men, I believe, are acquainted with all the world *(half aſide.)*

Harry. Has your honour any commands for me?

Sir Greg. Only to let Mr. Negus know that I'm impatient to ſee him.

Harry. Oh, here is my maſter himſelf, Sir.

[*Exit Harry.*

Enter NEGUS.

Sir Greg. My dear, Mr. Negus, I am your moſt obedient, very humble ſervant, and rejoice exceedingly at the happineſs, the joy and felicity, this very fortunate meeting impreſſes me with—theſe people like a deal of ceremony *(aſide.)*

Negus. I may ſet down this complaiſance to the account of the election *(aſide.)* Give me leave to aſſure you, Sir Gregory, that I eſteem this viſit a very great honour done me.

Sir Greg. You ſee I have loſt no time in waiting on you.

Negus. You have done very right, Sir Gregory; firſt come, firſt ſerved, as they ſay at an election.

Sir Greg. Yes, he's beginning I ſee *(aſide.)* Well, Mr. Negus, we'll e'en ſit down and talk over the preliminaries.

Negus. If you pleaſe, Sir *(they ſit down at a table.)*

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, I am come to offer myſelf a candidate, you ſee.

Negus. And I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs, Sir!

Sir Greg. Provided it can be obtained by the free voice of the conſtituent, Mr. Negus, for I hate

hate all bribery and influence—I muſt talk to him in his own way I ſee, (*aſide.*)

Negus. I hope you ſtand too fair, Sir Gregory, to be in need of uſing any, and, to ſay the truth, any man might think it an honour to be choſen for the borough you have in view.

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, if you pleaſe, we'll juſt ſettle ſuch articles as may be neceſſary between us!

Negus. Articles, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why, yes, I ſhould like to have it ſtipulated what ſum I am to pay.

Negus. I have no doubt, Sir Gregory, of your honour—I dare ſay you'll do every thing right and handſome, your word will be quite ſufficient.

Sir Greg. You'll excuſe me, Mr. Negus, we muſt come to an agreement.

Negus. Well, ſince he inſiſts on my aſking money, I may as well aſk enough (*aſide.*) You'll not think a thouſand pounds too much, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. A thouſand pounds! damn it, I thought he would have had ten times the ſum for ſuch a fortune, but I muſt ſeem to demur (*aſide.*) Why, a thouſand pounds, Mr. Negus, is a great deal of money as times go. But will you undertake now, upon my paying down the ſum, to put me into complete poſſeſſion?

Negus. I will.

Sir Greg. Say you ſo; why then give me your hand, Mr. Negus, we'll diſpatch this buſineſs as ſoon as you pleaſe—there is nothing like ſtriking while the iron's hot (*aſide.*)

Negus. With all my heart, Sir.—Mr. Serjeant Glib will be here in a few minutes, and if you pleaſe, he may as well ſettle this affair between us.

Sir Greg. He's your friend, Mr. Negus, but I have no manner of objection to any one that will make the bargain faſt.—I ſhall take care of that though (*aſide.*)

Negus. I am very happy, Sir Gregory, we have come ſo ſoon to an underſtanding, and hope it will turn out to both our intereſts. During your ſtay here, I beg you will conſider every thing at your command, and as to carriages, they are ready for you and your company at a moment's notice, from a coach and ſix, down to a poſt chaiſe, buggy, or a gig.

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, I don't care how ſoon we put an end to the buſineſs, for I ſuppoſe you will be obliged to attend pretty cloſely as ſoon as the houſe opens.

Negus. Why, yes, Sir Gregory, we ſhall be pretty buſy as ſoon as the houſe opens—your thouſand pounds will ſtand the brunt of a good deal of eating and drinking (*aſide.*)

Sir Greg. I am told, Mr. Negus, that you have a great deal of influence in the houſe, and ſpeak well.

Negus. A great deal of influence in the houſe! It would be very hard if I hadn't. Why, yes, Sir Gregory, I hope I can *ſpeak* when there's occaſion—I ſhou'd be ſorry if I could not.

Sir Greg. Well, I ſhould be glad to ſee your daughter, if you pleaſe, Mr. Negus.

Negus. See my daughter, Sir!—What the devil can he want with her (*aſide.*)

Sir Greg. Yes, directly. I'm impatient to ſee her.

Negus. Well, well, if he thinks my daughter's intereſt worth a bribe, I'll not ſtand to oppoſe

it (*aſide*). This way if you pleaſe, Sir Gregory, and I'll introduce you to Maria. [*Exeunt*

SCENE. IV.

Enter Mr. Serjeant GLIB, *followed by* HARRY.

Serjeant. Let Sir Gregory Gander know, d'ye hear? that Mr. Serjeant Glib waits upon him according to your maſter's appointment, and here, ſirrah, take this gown of mine, (*gives his gown to Harry*) and put it by, I have no occaſion for it to make *me* known.

Harry. I'd not have ſo much pride for the beſt inn in town. [*aſide and going*

Serjeant. And here, hark'ye, Mr. take this noſegay, and put it in water. And d'ye hear? don't let my brother Flower ſteal it—but be ſure you let me have it in the morning, before I go into court. [*Exit Serjeant*

Harry. Damn me, I wiſh there was an end of all roguery, if it was only to put you out of bread. [*Exit Harry*

SCENE V.

A former Room.

Sir GREGORY *and* MARIA.

Maria. Indeed, Sir Gregory, my heart has been yours ever ſince you honoured me with your hand at the aſſize ball; in your very firſt ſtep in the Devonſhire minuet, there was a grace, a bewitching ſomething that touched me nearly, but your cotillion with Mr. and Mrs. Heaviſides, and

and Lady Rotunda, made an entire conqueſt of me.

Sir Greg. Sweet pretty rogue! true love, as the poets ſay, is always reciprocal. I ſhall never forget how you blazed in the ball room, and then the ſweet parting kiſs you gave me—zounds, I have been for all the world as if I had a lump of barley ſugar in my mouth ever ſince.

Maria. Oh, fie, Sir Gregory, you flatter me.

Sir Greg. No, I don't—I don't upon my ſoul—I'm up to the very ears in love with you.

Maria. I'm very glad then you have come ſo opportunely (*ſighs.*)

Sir Greg. Ha, what, nothing to make you uneaſy, I hope, Maria?

Maria. No, Sir, only I was afraid you'd forget me, and ſo I was thinking of going into a nunnery—that was all (*pretends to weep.*)

Sir Greg. Dear, little creature! a nunnery! zounds, I'd have battered down the gates about their ears—but I hope, Maria, you have nothing to vex you now?

Maria. I ſhall have nothing, Sir Gregory, when you have given me your hand, for though my papa has always a carriage and ſervants at my command, and indulges me with every gaiety in life, I have had a ſad moping time on't, thinking of you, whom I could adore for ever, if you had'nt a farthing in the world.—Heaven forgive me, for fibbing (*aſide.*)

Sir Greg. Pretty Soul! how ſhe does doat upon me (*aſide.*) Well, Maria, it ſhall be ſo no longer—*Papa* and I have ſettled every thing.

Maria. Have you?

Sir Greg. Yes, we have ſettled every thing, and to ſhew you how fairly and honourably I mean,

mean, and how incomprehenſibly I love and doat upon you; I have agreed to pay down as a ſettlement upon you—that is in conſideration of your twenty-thouſand pounds—the ſum of ten hundred pounds ſterling.

Maria. Indeed, Sir Gregory!—but I hope to be a match for you *(aſide.)*

Sir Greg. Ten hundred pounds! yes, there is nothing opens the heart and purſe ſo much as love. A thouſand pounds will be a great deal more than you can ever want; its a great deal of money, and as to the reſt of our fortune, why, what ſignifies it, whether it is in your hands or mine?

Maria. Very true, Sir Gregory; beſides, by being in yours, its not unlikely but you may improve it.

Sir Greg. What a ſenſible little thing it is—Very true, Maria, and I mean to improve it very quickly. You muſt know, my dear, that I have an ungracious young rogue of a ward, who has the impudence to charge me with keeping him out of poſſeſſion of the greateſt part of his fortune, though I have agreed, that is verbally, to advance him three hundred pounds a year to enable him to pay an annuity to a caſt-off miſtreſs.

Maria. Indeed, Sir, it's a pity ſo much money ſhould be thrown away.

Sir Greg. It is, indeed, and ſo I intend to ſtop it in future. Three hundred a year won't make our fortune a bit the worſe, Maria.

Maria. I have no patience with him! *(aſide)* But won't this ſtopping payment, Sir Gregory, diſtreſs this unfortunate female, who, notwithſtanding her error, may be enabled by it to avoid

expoſing

expoſing herſelf to the diſgrace and reproaches of the world?

Sir Greg. Egad, I never thought of that; beſides, what right has ſhe to ſtand upon her reputation? a little, dirty, ill-bred, unmannerly drab.

Maria. Indeed, Sir Gregory! (*agitated.*)

Sir Greg. O yes, quite a drab—and as ugly as the devil.

Maria. This is very agreeable, to be ſure; but I hope to be a match for you (*aſide.*)

Sir Greg. But, come, Maria—do you go, and prepare for the wedding, for I expect the lawyer here in a few minutes to make every thing as faſt as love can wiſh'em.

Maria. Till then, Sir Gregory, adieu!

[*Exit Maria.*

Sir Greg. What a damn'd happy dog I ſhall be! Let me ſee—I am likely to make this affair turn out to a very pretty account. Twenty thouſand pounds is not to be trifled with; its a good round ſum, and will enable me to purchaſe the whole neighbourhood of Goſling-caſtle.

Enter NEGUS.

Negus. I have taken the liberty to introduce the Sexton and Mr. Bobbin, the haberdaſher, as I ſuppoſe, Sir Gregory, you mean to ſet the bells a ringing, and to have favours diſtributed.

Sir Greg. Ha, why, will that be neceſſary? its very expenſive, I'm ſure (*aſide.*)

Negus. Quite ſo, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why, then, if you pleaſe, we muſt e'en have 'em.

Sexton. We'll give your Honour a peal that ſhall ſhake the very town.

Bobbin.

Bobbin. And ſome of the prettieſt favors that can be procured. [*Exeunt Sexton and Bobbin.*

Sir Greg. This is a damn'd expence tho'. [*Aſide.*

Negus. Oh, Sir Gregory, give me leave to introduce Mr. Town-Clerk to the honour of your notice.

Enter Town-Clerk.

Sir Greg. Sir, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant.—Why, what the devil can he have to ſay to me! [*Aſide.*]

Town Clerk. I have the honour, Sir Gregory, to wait on you from the mayor and aldermen, with their hearty welcome to this borough, and am directed to requeſt they may have the honor of being admitted to your company this evening.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am exceedingly flattered by their meſſage.

Town-Clerk. And, in the mean time, have ordered me to wait on you with the freedom of the corporation, in a mahogany box.

Sir Greg. Why, now, this is monſtrous polite of them indeed. Sir, will you be pleaſed to make my reſpects to the mayor and aldermen, and intreat 'em to do me the honor of ſupping with me, on a mahogany table.

Town Clerk. I ſhall be ſure, Sir, to make a faithful report of your anſwer. [*Exit Town-Clerk.*

Sir Greg. Well, Mr. Negus, I preſume I am obliged to you for this honor?

Negus. Why, Sir, the corporation and I have always had a good underſtanding upon theſe occaſions, and I have no doubt of their good wiſhes for your ſucceſs. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you intend ordering them a *good* ſupper?

Sir Greg. Why, yes, they muſt have a ſupper; but that I leave to you, Mr. Negus.

Negus. Sir, if you pleaſe I'd rather ſend in the cook; he ſhall ſhow you what's in the houſe, and then you will be the better enabled to judge what to have. [*Exit Negus.*

Sir Greg. I proteſt I never met with ſuch civilities in all my life; but a gentleman will always behave like one.

Enter Cook, with a bill of fare.

Cook. I do myſelf de honeur of waiting upon you as de premier cook of de kitchen, vid de grand bill of fare, which, *en vérité*, vou'd reach almoſt from Dover to Calais, and all de vay back again. I hope, Sir, you will find every ting *en raiſon*, and ver cood, and vil be ſerved up in von, deux, tree minutes, as hot as de diable.

Sir Greg My friend Mr Negus, Sir, is prodigiouſly honored in having a gentleman of your country to ſerve him—but, zounds, you talk neither French nor Engliſh.

Cook. Ver true, Sir. I talk de Englis fort bien, and de French much better; but firſt I offront de Englis, and den de French; ſo begar I talk a liddel of b th, and neither von nor de oder. [*Preſents a bill of fare.*]

Sir Greg. Bill of fare! and as long too as the ſiege of Gibraltar—here's ſo many things, there's no knowing which to have; ſo, d'ye hear, Mr. Cook, let us have the whole bill of fare.

Cook. La diable! the whole bill of fare!

Sir Greg. Yes, every article in it, down from the mock turtle and gravy ſoup to tarts, jellies, cream cheeſe, and radiſhes. [*Exit Sir Gregory.*]

Cook. Begar, dis ver drole!

Enter

Enter Negus.

Negus. Well, what directions has Sir Gregory given you?

Cook. He vil have de whole bill of fare.

Negus. You ſurprize me—but Sir Gregory muſt be obey'd. Well, now mind that you don't ſpare for ſeaſoning. Let your Kian be plentifully ſprinkled, and every thing made nice and reliſhing, and the mayor and aldermen, I warrant you, will drink like fiſhes.

Cook. Begar I vil pepper dem. [*Exit Cook.*

Negus. That's a good man. Here, Harry, Will, Tom—where are you all! [*ſeveral Waiters enter.*] Here, my lads, get the table ſpread in the grand drawing room, for the mayor and aldermen; and let ſome of the beſt Champagne and Burgundy be got ready—and, d'ye hear? plenty of it—[*Waiters going*]—and, d'ye hear? [*Waiters return*]—let them have ſome muſic—a couple of clarinets, a good hautboy, and a French-horn.

Waiter. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter WRINKLE *and* MARIA.

Maria.

INDEED, Mr. Wrinkle, you'll do me a great ſervice in getting Sir Gregory to ſign the inſtrument.

Wrin. Great ſervice! Why we live, don't we, to oblige one another? and I tell you, Miſs Maria, I'll take care to ſettle the matter properly with Serjeant Glib. Sir Gregory Gander ſhall put his hand to as good a bond as ever came into Weſtminſter Hall, for ſecuring you your annuity of three hundred pounds a-year, and without the leaſt ſuſpicion. It is now the thirtieth year that I have attended the circuit, and I hope I know a trifle, or two, as well as my neighbours.

Mar. 'Twould be a ſad thing, indeed, for you to be put out of countenance.

Wrin. And yet, Madam, let me tell you, that is pretty often the caſe.—Why there's my friend, Fairface, now, egad, he'll dart upon a piece of roguery like a flaſh of light'ning, and before he's paid a farthing for it. Oh, I've no patience with fellows that are knaves, merely for

for the pleaſure of being ſo. It's monſtrous wicked, and I can't do it.

Mar. I underſtand you, Sir, and beg your acceptance of this note. *(Gives a note.)*

Wrin. You may conclude the buſineſs done. I would do any thing to ſerve you (*putting the note in his pocket*) I have had a great deal of money out of this houſe, and hope to have a great deal more before I have done with it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR GREGORY.

Now where is this numſkull of mine, I ſhall never have this binding put on in time.

Enter HARRY *in haſte, with a plate, &c.*

Wait. I beg your honour's pardon—your dumplin's nice and hot.

Sir Greg. My Dumplin!

Wait. Yes, your honour, made of the very beſt ſuet, and as greaſy as an Alderman's chin at a corporation feaſt; we'd challenge the whole town, Sir, for a dumplin.

Sir Greg. Damn your dumplin! I wiſh it was ſtuck in your throat with all my ſoul.

Wait. Sir,

Sir Greg. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to march off?

Wait. Wou'dn't you chooſe to have the dumplin, Sir?

Sir Greg. Damn me, ſirrah, pleaſe to dumplin off, or I'll break every bone in your ſkin!

[*Exit Harry.*

Enter

Enter Waiter conducting in Mr. Serjeant GLIB.

Wait. This is Sir Gregory Gander, Sir.

[*Exit Waiter.*

Serj. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am your's.

Serj. I hope, Sir, I have not made you wait, for at this aſſize time, we are ſo extremely buſy, it would be impoſſible to attend our appointments with any degree of punctuality, either as to time, or place.

Sir Greg. Very true, Sir, who the devil have we got here? (*aſide*)

Serj. I have, however, done myſelf the honour of waiting upon you the very moment I diſpatched the ſuit in hand.

Serj. Greg. Oh, it's the taylor, I ſee! (*aſide.*)

Serj. 'Till which time it would have been impoſſible to have ſtirred hand or foot, as the whole court were waiting the finiſhing it.

Sir Greg. The whole court! oh he works, I ſuppoſe, for the judges. (*aſide.*)

Serj. And finding the maſter of the houſe to be *non eſt inventus*, why, I thought it beſt to break in upon you, without further loſs of time.

Sir Greg. If his needle goes but half as quick as his tongue, he's a deviliſh clever fellow.

[*aſide.*

Serj. I underſtand, Sir, that you wiſh to have your buſineſs diſpatch'd without any delay, or interruption.

Sir Greg. Immediately, Sir.

Serj. Why,

Serj. Why, Sir, I believe there is no one of the profeſſion can execute your commands with greater expedition—but muſt you really have your buſineſs compleated to day?

Sir Greg. I muſt, indeed, there is no delaying it.

Serj. Sir, you ſhall be ſerved then—tho' I have not had the honour of a very long attendance upon the bench.

Sir Greg. The bench! that's a polite word, I ſuppoſe, for a taylor's ſhopboard (*half aſide.*)

Serj. Few people, I believe, have done more buſineſs; this ſeſſion, indeed, hasn't cut me out a great deal of work, but the laſt aſſizes gave me ſome very pretty jobs. Two highwaymen, a ſhoplifter, and a fellow for ſtealing the juſtice's pig, all to myſelf.

Sir Greg. Why, you have had ſome very pretty cuſtomers, let me tell you.

Serj. Cuſtomers! (*half aſide*) Yes, pretty well, they were all hang'd tho' afterwards; but no matter for that, 'twas all the ſame to me.

Sir Greg. You got your money I ſuppoſe as ſoon as you had done your work?

Serj. A very ill bred fellow as ever I met with; (*aſide*) it's always a rule, Sir, with us to take our money before hand.

Sir Greg. Which is more than the taylors of London do I believe (*aſide*) Why yes, but you loſt two or three cuſtomers by it?

Serj. That, indeed, was juſt as it might have happen'd, for we ſeldom do buſineſs for ſuch people a ſecond time; they are generally hang'd or tranſported.

Sir Greg. But come, Mr. what-d'ye-call-um, Sir, we'll proceed to buſineſs.

Serj.

Serj. If you pleaſe, Sir, I have brought the parchment with me.

Sir Greg. Parchment! (*aſide.*)

Serj. Ready ſtamp'd to your hand.

Sir Greg. I want nothing but a binding to the ſuit.—Why what the plague does the fellow mean? (*aſide.*)

Serj. Sir, I would have you to underſtand, that I have more regard for my reputation, than to undertake any ſuit, more eſpecially for a wedding, without a proper binding.

Sir Greg. Why, damn me, I mean to have a proper binding—I ſent to you for the very purpoſe, but what the devil occaſion is there for ſtamps?

Serj. In order to give validity to the articles of agreement.

Sir Greg. Articles of agreement! damn me you ſhall have your money directly (*putting his hand in his pocket.*)

Serj. Sir!

Sir Greg. Hark ye, Sir, if you really cannot put on this binding without taking meaſure, why damn me do it at once (*buttoning his coat*) and make an end of it, or I ſhall ſend for another taylor, and try what he can do.

Serj. Taylor! another taylor! Sir, I muſt tell you that you are a very impudent fellow, to dare to inſult one of his Majeſty's Serjeants of the law.

Sir Greg. Ha! what the devil.

Serj. But it ſhant paſs with impunity, I promiſe you.

Exit

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Sir, my maſter ſent me to inform you, that he is waiting for you and the Serjeant in the great parlour.

Sir Greg. The Serjeant! Zounds, what a devil of a miſtake (*aſide*); why, damn me, I thought it was the taylor you recommended to me.

Harry. Oh, dear Sir, this is Mr. Serjeant Glib, Sir, that attends our circuit.

Sir Greg. The devil it is (*aſide*). Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant (*takes the Serjeant by the hand*) upon my ſoul, Sir, I heartily beg your pardon.

Serj. As the whole, I perceive, has been nothing more than a miſnomer, why it's all over, and there's an end on't.—A very extraordinary *error perſonæ* as ever I met with in the whole courſe of my practice. [*Exit Serjeant.*

Sir Greg. Why, who the devil would have thought now but this had been the taylor!

Enter NEGUS, *with* HARRY *and Waiters.*

Negus. I am ſorry, Sir Gregory, for the miſtake that has happened between you and Mr. Serjeant Glib.

Sir Greg. Oh, never mention it, Mr. Negus, its all over, and no harm meant. Well, Mr. Negus, are the Mayor and Aldermen ready?

Negus. In two minutes, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. I have taken a peep into the room; why, youv'e provided a noble ſupper, I ſee, and ſet off the ſideboard with an elegant ſervice of plate; zounds, there's enough in all conſcience to furniſh

furniſh out a couple of May-day garlands, or ſerve a new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Negus. Why I'd wiſh to pleaſe you Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Well, come, Mr. Negus, we'll go before and be ready to receive them.

Negus. If you pleaſe, Sir.—Here Harry, be ſure you ſhew the Mayor and Aldermen in the moment they're ready.

[*Exit* Sir Gregory *and* Negus.

Harry. I hope the old gentleman intends making us a handſome preſent, for we have had nothing but trouble yet.

1ſt Wait. I'll warrant he'll not forget us when he has got his election, but I wiſh I may be put off with an odd teſter in the Jolly Bacchus, if I don't think that Capt. Allſpice will carry it hollow.

Harry. Stand by, here they come, Mayor and Trainbearer, the halt and the lame, hoppy-kicky; firſt one leg and then the other, juſt as if both ſides of the body natural, like the body politic, were divided, and could not go the ſame way.

Enter Mayor *and* Aldermen, *who walk acroſs the ſtage, the Mayor having his left leg ſhorter than his right, and train borne by a trainbearer whoſe right leg is ſhorter than his left.*

Harry. This way, if your Worſhips pleaſe.

[*Exeunt* Mayor *and* Aldermen.

Harry. The Mayor and Aldermen have too much regard for the conſtitution to do any thing at an election without properly attending to it. But Sir Gregory's family were always fond of good living; he had one brother in London that firſt

firſt introduced mock turtle for the citizens breakfaſt, and another that died of a ſurfeit a ſwan-hopping. I wrote an elegy on his death; and if I don't touch up the Mayor and Aldermen, as ſoon as the election's over, damn me, my name isn't Harry Traſh.

SCENE III.

A Room.

Enter Sir GREGORY *in haſte, with a napkin pinned under his chin, and eating the leg of a turkey, followed by a Waiter.*

Sir Greg. Captain Allſpice! did'nt you tell him I was engaged?

Waiter. Yes, Sir,

Sir Greg. What, with the Mayor and Aldermen, eating my ſupper?

Waiter. Yes, Sir, but he inſiſted upon ſeeing you directly, and ſwore like an Emperor he'd lower our topſails if we did not bring you to—

Sir Greg. Why, what the devil can he want with me? But ſhew him up, and d'ye hear? let me have this made a devil of.

[*Gives him the napkin and leg of the turkey.*

Waiter. Egad, you'll have the devil himſelf in a minute or two (*aſide*). Oh, here's the Captain himſelf, Sir. [*Exit Waiter.*

Enter Captain ALLSPICE *haſtily.*

Allſpice. Look ye, Sir, I am a man of few words, and muſt know whether you are Sir Gregory Gander or not. Damn me, I always like to look a-head before I ſail (*aſide.*)

Sir Greg. Why, Sir, my name, ſince you aſk it, is Sir Gregory Gander; and, Sir, let me tell you, I am not aſham'd of it.

Allſpice. Why then, Sir Gregory Gander, I muſt tell you, that you have uſed me very ill.

Sir Greg. Very ill!

Allſpice. Yes, damned ill, in coming down to oppoſe me in my election, after I had compleated my canvaſs. Zounds, if you had failed fairly with me, I had'nt cared.

Sir Greg. Why, what the devil have I got a rival then, *(aſide.)* Sir, you may be diſappointed for aught I know, in your canvaſs, but what the devil's that to me. All's fair at an election, an't it?

Allſpice. Not by bribery, Sir Gregory. I hope it is no longer in the log-book of Adminiſtration. In one word, will you pleaſe to ſtrike your colours and tack about?

Sir Greg. Strike my colours!

Allſpice. Ay, Sir, and give up all farther chace of the prize.

Sir Greg. Sir, I'll ſooner give up my life.

Allſpice. Then damme, Sir Gregory, give me leave to tell you, that the whole affair ſhall be overhauled by a committee of the Houſe of Commons—there's no falſe bottom'd veſſels will get into port there. You had better change your courſe, I promiſe you.

Sir Greg. The Houſe of Commons! why, what the devil has the Houſe of Commons, or any of their committees, Sir, to do with me?—The young lady!———

Allſpice. The young lady!

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, the young lady—ſhe has conſented to give me her hand; and her father, and I, not five minutes ago, ſigned the marriage articles!

Allſpice. The marriage articles!

Sir Greg. Yes, damn it, the marriage articles; and, Sir, to let you know, I wou'dn't cancel them for all you are worth, and your ſhip and cargo, damn me, with all the pitch and tar belonging to it.

Allſpice. Sure I havn't ſtruck againſt a rock here *(aſide.)* Why zounds, havn't you come down here, and bribed old Negus for his intereſt in bringing you in to repreſent the borough in Parliament?

Sir Greg. Borough! no ſuch thing *(laughs)* Laud, its all a miſtake, a confounded miſtake.—Mr. Negus and I talk'd of a borough, indeed, but it was the young lady we meant, his daughter, Miſs Maria, to whom I hope to be married to morrow.

Allſpice. Why, what the devil of a cruize have I been ſent on *(half aſide.)* Sir, you'll excuſe me, am I to underſtand then, that you have no intention of oppoſing me in my election for a member of Parliament?

Sir Greg. A member of Parliament! Zounds, I wou'dn't ſit in the Houſe of Commons if they'd pay me for it; and make me a Lord in the next dozen of Iriſh Peers—I love my own elbow chair too well, and am ſatisfied with a ſleep in *that* after dinner.

Allſpice. And your errand down here was only to get ſpliced to old Negus's daughter?

Sir Greg. Old Negus's daughter! Sir, let me tell you, that you are very free—damn'd free. A ſenator of the Britiſh empire ought to be treated with more reſpect—there are no contractors among them now.

Allſpice.

Allſpice. A ſenator of the Britiſh empire.

Sir Greg. Yes, Sir, a ſenator of the Britiſh empire.

Allſpice. Why, what the devil now does he mean (*aſide.*)

Sir Greg. I tell you again, that I am going to be married to that gentleman's daughter—and pray, Sir, what have you to do with it?

Allſpice. Old Negus a ſenator *(aſide, and laughs)* Oh, nothing at all, Sir, I wiſh you a good voyage, Only take care that I don't catch you cruizing for a ſingle vote; for if I find you endeavouring to run down my election, damme, but I'll give you a broadſide that ſhall ſend you to the bottom, old gentleman. [*Exit Captain Allſpice.*

Sir Greg. Broadſide! what the plague will he give me a broadſide for? Heaven knows I have no ambition to be a ſenator; I can make myſelf church-warden of my pariſh, and be more abſolute, damme, than the whole Parliament put together.

Enter TWILIGHT.

Twilight. Pleaſe your honour, I hope no offence, but I had ſooner ſleep in a barn with a gang of gypſies in it than ſtay here. In the morning Boot-catcher told me I was more ſtupid than my maſter, and bid me lend him a hand.

Sir Greg. Lend him a hand!

Twilight. Yes, your honour, and aſked me if I could waſh bottles; and juſt now, pleaſe your honour, Mr. Negus's man wanted one of the drummers and a young fifer, that are in the houſe to have part of my bed.

Sir Greg. One of the drummers and a young fifer! why what the devil is all this?

Twilight.

Twilight. I don't know, your honour—I'm a fool, but I am wiſe enough not to ſtay here, ſo there's an end on't. [*Exit Twilight.*

Sir Greg. I muſt enquire into this, for I would have Mr. Negus to know, that any indignity offered to my ſervant equally concerns me.

Enter NEGUS *looking at a paper.*

Negus. Theſe raſcals of mine havn't charged half enough, I am ſure. Odſo! why he looks as ſour as vinegar, and ſeems upon the fret too, like a bottle of prick'd claret. I musn't let him go off though!— Sir Gregory!

Sir Greg. (returns) Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Negus, I didn't perceive you. Have you any commands for me?

Negus. I beg your pardon, Sir Gregory, but as it may be beſt to ſettle every thing before hand, if your honour pleaſes, I ſhould be glad to know if you will have your own account diſtinct, and ſeparate, from that of the Mayor and Aldermen.

Sir Greg. Diſtinct and ſeparate from that of the Mayor and Aldermen?

Negus, Yes, Sir, becauſe I have thrown the whole account together into one bill—will your honour pleaſe to look at it? (*Gives the bill*)

Sir Greg. Why, what the plague is all this?

Negus. There's nothing in it, Sir Gregory, but what you have had, and I do aſſure you, upon my honour, that we have gone to the very loweſt charges in every article. I hope you'll not think it at all unreaſonable—we hav'nt put down a farthing for the onions your ſervants rabbits were ſmothered with.

Sir Greg. Unreaſonable! why what the devil have you given me?

Negus. Sir, I deſire no more than to be paid for what you've had, which has been little enough, I'm ſure. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you don't imagine that any inn in the world would receive you upon any other terms.

Sir Greg. An inn! why, damme, have I been in an inn then?

Negus. Laud, Sir, I thought you had known it.

Sir Greg. (*looking at the bill*) And what the devil am I to pay for the Mayor and Aldermen too?

Negus. I hope, Sir Gregory, you have no cauſe to complain. We have done every thing in our power, and I flattered myſelf we had given you ſatisfaction.

Sir Greg. Satisfaction! and what the devil am I to pay for the Mayor and Aldermen?

Negus. To be ſure, for ſupporting you in your election.

Sir Greg. Election!

Negus. Why, yes, Sir, you have been a Candidate, haven't you?

Sir Greg. A Candidate! Why, yes, for your daughter.

Negus. My daughter! upon my word, Sir, this is the firſt I have ever heard of it.

Sir Greg. Why, damn it, didn't you ſend old Wrinkle to me juſt now with the marriage articles?

Negus. Not I, upon my honour.

Sir Greg. What, and you're not a member of parliament neither!

Negus. Old Negus a member of parliament! (*laughs*) alack-a-day, Sir, it's an honour I never dreamt of. I have ſome little intereſt indeed in the

the borough, and hoped, for the thouſand pounds you agreed to pay me, to have aſſiſted in placing you in parliament on the preſent vacancy.

Sir Greg. Oh, it's as clear as a piece of iſinglaſs—as eaſily ſeen through as a ſlice of beef at Vauxhall. Why, Sir, this is all a ſcene of roguery—and if it ſhould coſt me twenty pounds, damn me, I'll make an example of every one that has dared to put a trick, for the firſt time, on Sir Gregory Gander.

Negus. I don't know what you mean? I only want to have what's due to me; and if you don't chuſe to pay me my bill by fair means, why I ſhall take the proper ſteps to make you.

Sir Greg. Zounds, I don't know whether I ſtep on my head or on my heels. Where's that old raſcal of a lawyer? and where's the——

Enter MARIA.

Sir Greg. Oh, your ſervant, Ma'am.

Maria. Your ſervant, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. A word or two with you, if you pleaſe, Madam.

Maria. Oh, Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Sir Greg. Pray, Ma'am,—Zounds, I'm in ſuch a paſſion I can hardly ſpeak to her—Pray, Ma'am, did not you make me believe this was a gentleman's country-ſeat?

Negus. A gentleman's country-ſeat! very good—why, 'tis a handſome well-looking houſe, to be ſure.

Sir Greg. I ſay, Ma'am, did'nt you tell me this houſe was a gentleman's country-ſeat?

Maria. I did, Sir, but wonder you could ever have believed it.

Sir Greg. What it's an inn then?

Maria. It is indeed, Sir.

Negus. Ah, damme, it has been an inn theſe fifty years; all the country knows that well enough.

Sir Greg. And your father's the inn-keeper?

Maria. He is indeed, Sir.

Negus. Yes, honeſt Negus, at yout ſervice, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. And you are no lady of 20,000l. fortune,

Maria. Not I indeed, Sir.

Negus. Twenty thouſand! damn me, I wiſh you had half the money—ha! Maria?

Sir Greg. Zounds, I ſhall run mad?—but you have drawn me in to execute marriage articles?

Maria. No, Sir; all you have ſigned is an inſtrument to oblige you to do juſtice to your ward, and to pay me the annuity of which you meant to defraud me.

Sir Greg. An annuity! what then are you Hilary's!

Maria. The very ſame, Sir—that identical, ill-bred, unmannerly drab; and, though you have been pleaſed to praiſe my beauty, the uglieſt wretch you ever ſaw in your life.

Sir Greg. And have not you tied me up to marry? Zounds, I'd rather be tied up to Tyburn,

Maria. So you may, Sir, and ſo would I too, before I would be bound to any ſuch condition. Marry you! not for the Indies! Why, old and infirm as you are, you might have the impudence to live three or four years, perhaps.

Sir Greg. Very fine! invite me to an inn for a private houſe—tell me Old Negus, the innkeeper's a parliament man, and palm yourſelf upon me for a twenty-thouſand pounder!

Maria.